

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me.
Revelation 3:20

The War Cry

EASTER
1947



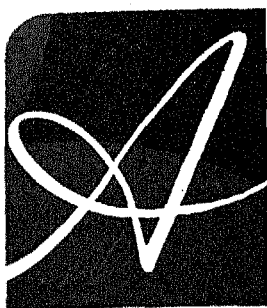
RD 3254.

TORONTO, SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1947.

PRICE TEN CENTS.



"Consider the Lilies ... They toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."



Call From Jerusalem

During one of his last world tours General William Booth, when passing through the Suez Canal, visited the Holy Land, and from Jerusalem he issued a Call to the World from which the following extract is taken. It still constitutes a stirring and timely challenge to Christian people everywhere.



WITH indescribable feelings I have knelt in the Garden of Gethsemane, ascended the hill called Calvary, and worshipped with solemn awe on the very ground where stood the Cross of shame on which my Lord purchased, by His broken heart, abundant sovereign saving grace to meet the needs of the whole human family.

I have looked into the empty sepulchre, where, cold in the arms of death, my Saviour lay, and have wonderingly beheld the Mount from which He ascended to the Father, triumphant over sin, and death, and hell, to plead the cause of the world He had so gloriously redeemed.

A Question and the Answer

As my eyes have rested upon these sacred scenes, again the old question has suggested itself, Why all this suffering? Why did He live? And for what did He die? And then, I have remembered the answer which came from His own blessed lips: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost."

That was His commission received from the Father; and as the Father commissioned Him, so He commissioned His dis-

ciples; and if we are His disciples our task is the same—namely, the salvation of the lost.

The World's Saviour

About the length and breadth of the commission there can be no mistake. Beyond question it comprehended then, and comprehends to-day, the conditional deliverance of every man from every sin, irrespective of nationality, of character, or circumstances. Whosoever cometh to Him He will in no wise cast out. By the grace of God He tasted death for every man. He

By
The
Army
Founder

William Booth,
The Army's First
General



The Garden of Gethsemane as it appears at the present day. Multitudes of people from far-off lands visit this sacred spot at Eastertide

was, and is, the one Saviour of the whole world.

A Plea For the Hopeless

Standing here to-day may I not make a special claim on behalf of the more helpless and hopeless section of the peoples? Could their condition be much more unlike that kingdom which He came to establish, or more closely resemble what we know of the kingdom of hell?

Abundant Mercy

By the hell on earth these poor creatures suffer to-day; by the destructions on the verge of which they hover; by the abundant mercy provided for them; by the deliverance we have proved so possible; by the agony of the Cross under the shadow of which I make this appeal, I plead for a united, persistent effort to save the lost.



Easter Fragrance

(See opposite page)

RING, snow-white bells,
your purest praise
To glorify the Easter Day.
And let the Risen Saviour's
joy
Your voiceless, fragrant
breath employ —
Fill every valley with per-
fume
And lighten Death's appalling
gloom,
Teach ye our troubled hearts
the way
To trust the Saviour every
day.—W. J. R. Taylor.



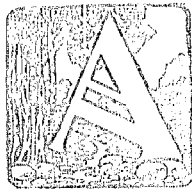
The Holy City—a recently-taken photograph, covering a wide area, including some of the surrounding hills

Ask now the
beasts, and
they shall
teach thee;
and—



— the fowls
of the air,
and they
shall tell
thee. Job 12:7.

Eastertide Brings Memories of Jack Miner* and His Remarkable Work as a Naturalist



T Easter time our eyes and minds are focused on the Risen Christ, the great Basis of Christian faith. Eastertide in Canada is also the time of plant life springing forth, and bird life returning from lands farther south.

Crocuses may be seen poking their heads through the grass to

Miner, and live to-day; but their lives centred each around one locality, and what they left behind were, in a good many cases, dead specimens of birds, very rare bird skins for scientific study in schools, or exhibits in glass cases in museums.

Miner's life-work, however, was very different to this. He left behind him living creatures, the actual living birds which our children and our children's children may see in their customary haunts and nat-

mission accomplished, Jack was walking along the street, when he came to a corner where The Salvation Army was holding its Saturday night meeting. Though the temperature was well below zero and he was on his way to catch a through train, he took time out to step into the circle of Salvationists and give rightful praise to God Almighty and to His Son Jesus Christ for the blessing that had come to his own experience. Incidentally, no one knew until months later that the well-dressed distinguished-looking stranger who had paused to testify, was the famous naturalist. It was only when someone wrote him months afterwards, asking if it were he who had spoken on that occasion as to how his life had been changed by God, that the speaker became known.

Mr. Miner caught his train. The next evening, still aboard, he was approached by two men in the parlor car, who invited him to spend the evening playing cards. Jack said he never played cards, because cards often started quarrels; but even if he did, he said, he wouldn't play on a Sabbath evening. On the

contrary, however, he would, if they liked, lead the occupants of the car in a hymn-sing.

He began to sing, choosing the old hymns, such as "Standing on the promises," "Oh, that will be glory for me," "When the roll is called up yonder," and so on. Suddenly, at the far end of the car an exquisite voice joined the singers, taking the high notes. The singer turned out to be a world-famous star of the Metropolitan Opera Company. A profitable evening was spent.

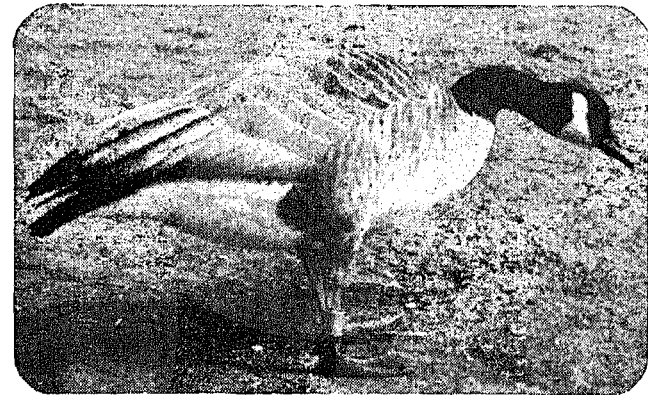
Again, at the time, no one knew it was the renowned Jack Miner who was leading them. However, when the "songspiration" was ended and the happy group shook hands and became acquainted, the would-be card players thanked Jack for leading them in song instead of spending their time to no profit.

Sang at the Union Station

The next morning was an occasion that will always be remembered at the Union Depot in Toronto, because here Jack Miner had to change trains. All occupants of the sleeping car made the effort to get out of their beds in time to bid him good-bye. Then, instead of Jack Miner leading any singing, the famed Metropolitan star led the company in singing "God be with you till we meet again."

Miner's life was an inspiration to those with whom he came in contact, because *he always put God first*, no matter what his undertaking was. That was the great secret of his success. His bird sanctuary dates back to 1904 and his bird-banding, of which he was a pioneer, began in August, 1909. Yet he always said the work was not complete until 1914, when he started putting verses of Scripture on the bands; or, to use his own words, "until I took God into partnership with me in this research endeavor." The banding of birds in order to study their migration routes comes under the heading of Natural History Research.

Jack Miner explains it thus:
(Continued on page 12)

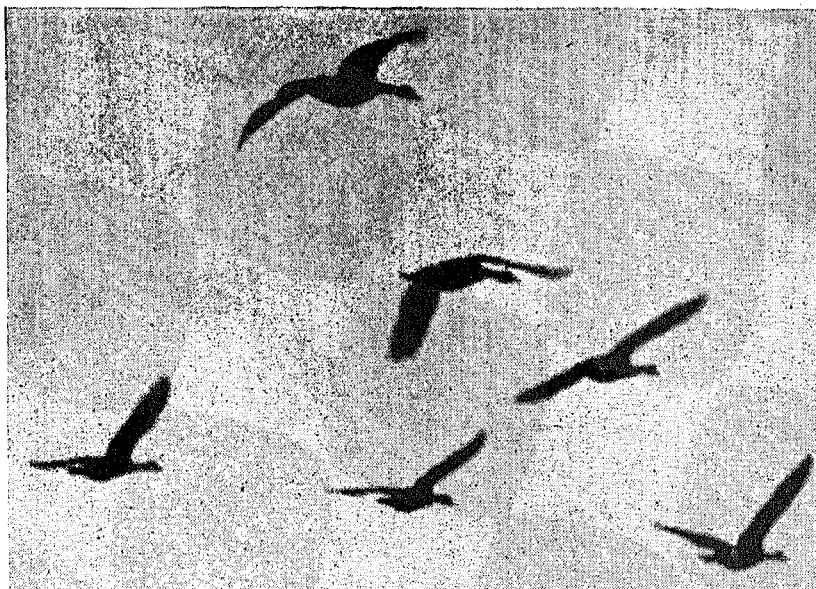


LEFT: An unusual photograph of a Canada Goose, banded at Jack Miner Bird Sanctuary, Kingsville. The band is loose on the leg and does the bird no harm. A Bible text is inscribed on the aluminum tag, as well as the address of the Sanctuary. These have been returned to Kingsville by Eskimos, Indians and settlers in the Far North, as well as other distant outposts of the Dominion.

new life, the birds are filling the air with movement and song, the Canada geese can be seen winging their way northward over Canadian soil, honking as they fly to their nesting-quarters in the Northland.

All Canada seems to have taken on new life. With the return of the birds, and all evidences of new life which Mother Nature sends forth at Easter time, one is led to think of the great Canadian naturalist, the late Jack Miner, whom God loaned to us for eighty years to be a living example to multitudes. He did not belong to any particular community; indeed, he didn't belong to the Dominion alone; he belonged to the world. As Sir Herbert Brent Grotrian, of England, recently said: "To see Jack Miner's monument, look around you."

Mr. Miner's life was not lived in just his home town of Kingsville,



ural environment, and but for the famous naturalist's foresight and energy might to-day be extinct.

Today, because of the fact that Jack Miner lived, Canada possesses millions of living birds because he gave protection to their kind — a sanctuary from slaughter, a haven of rest on their long flight, and food. This heritage of bird life we owe to him, not only because of the well-maintained sanctuary at Kingsville, but also because of the hundreds of bird refuges which his influence helped to create.

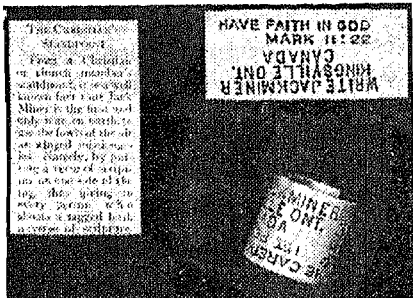
Uncle Jack Miner used to say on the public platform: "No man ever starts living until he starts believing." How true this is! And what a joyous life Jack Miner had!—because always he was a believer, always ready to bear witness for Christ, or give his grateful testimony to the goodness, guidance and mercy of his Maker.

An interesting story is told of the naturalist when he visited a northern city to deliver a lecture. His

UPPER: A perfect formation of a family of geese shown flying over the Sanctuary. Each bird is banded with a Scripture tag, shown at left.



RIGHT: New Life! A delightful study of "Uncle Jack" Miner watching a citizen of the future admiring a newly-hatched brood of quails.

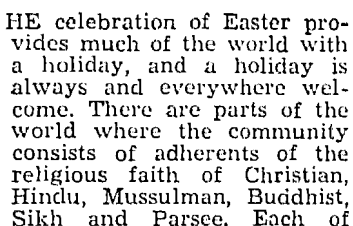


which he made famous throughout the world; but his name was so much a household word throughout the Dominion that when one thinks of birds, the subject is inescapably linked up with the Bird Sanctuary.

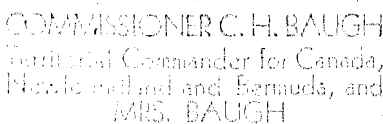
Let it be granted that other great ornithologists lived before Jack

*The accompanying article brings to The War Cry a number of newly-told incidents in the life of a famous Canadian citizen, whose memory is perpetuated in the world-famous Bird Sanctuary at Kingsville, Ont.

Will You Share With Christ This Eastertide?



In English and in other tongues the original word "Holy Day" has degenerated to mean something having no necessary connection with holiness. Many in our own land seize upon the holiday with little regard for its significance.



Our blessed Lord, proclaimed by His life, His words, His disciples, as well as by those who knew little of Him as the Incarnate Son of God, was put to death outside the Holy City, suffering "without the gate." His Gethsemane experience took place in a garden. Also it was outside the understanding of the crowd. When the Cross was erected with its shuddering Victim, those who saw it at all passed by wagging their heads. But the populace of the city pursued its customary life of buying and selling or preparing for the Passover, oblivious of what was transpiring on Calvary outside its gate. The touching lament of the Man of Sorrows, "O Jerusalem . . . how often would I have gathered thy children together . . . and ye would not," received no response, but jeers or indifference. Is it not so still?

We pass on, with a fervent thanksgiving for that priceless gift, the Blood of the World's Redeemer. For without Black Friday there could be no Easter Sunday. Without death there can



Commissioner Chas. Baugh

Paradoxical as it may appear, there are religious people without conviction on the stupendous truth that Jesus rose from the dead. How we pity them! But if the Crucifixion was "with-

Official Organ of The Salvation Army in
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Booth Founder; Albert W. T. Orsborn, General;
Chas. H. Baugh, Territorial Commander. Inter-
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My wife, who was with me, told me that she saw a man who was carrying
the body of the man who had been shot, and she said, "I saw him in the
back of the car, and I saw him in the back of the car, and I saw him in the back of the car."

Neither does Easter end with Christ and our response to the historical fact of the Resurrection. For Easter imposes a responsibility upon all who bear His Name. One of our poets has written:

"I am a man of honor and integrity,
and I am a man of God."

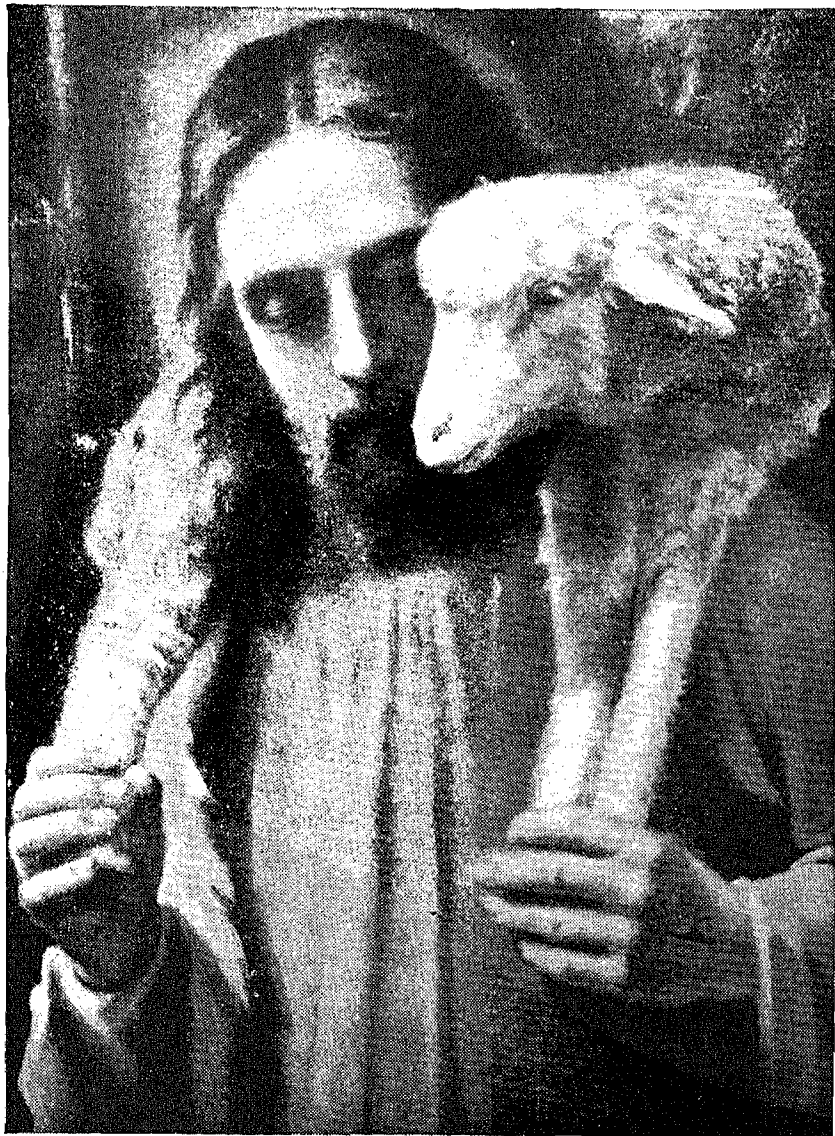
Paul, writing to the Galatians, says: "*They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts,*" a hard and unpopular saying for the twentieth century; as G. K. Chesterton once said, "Christianity has not failed. It has been found difficult and not tried."

If we would know Christ and the power of His resurrection, we must first know Christ in His crucifixion. Shall we resolve that we will share with Him in full this Easter season?



Did Not Our Hearts Burn?

“AND, behold, two of them went that same day to a village called Emmaus, which was from Jerusalem about threescore furlongs. And they talked together of all these things which had happened. And it came to pass, that, while they communed together and reasoned, Jesus Himself drew near, and went with them. . . . And they drew nigh unto the village, whither they went: and He made as though He would have gone farther. But they constrained Him, saying, Abide with us: for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent. And He went in to tarry with them. And it came to pass, as He sat at meat with them, He took bread and blessed it, and they knew Him; and He vanished out of their sight. And they said one to another, Did not our heart burn within us, while He talked with us by the way, and while He opened to us the Scriptures?”



VICTORY Through LOVE

By Henry Fred Milans

Take heart, there is an open door to life here and now, and beyond death to life eternal with God! No one can shut it! Jesus is the Door; He is the Way: "I am the door: by Me if any man enter in, he shall be saved..." Let us go forward, with a faith that will cast out all fear and a love that leaves no room for hate. Whatever else—live now!

Remember, you are never alone. In the late afternoon a little boy was playing in the sand on the seashore, building a city. He toiled for a long time, engrossed in his work. The hour got late and the tide started to come in. Suddenly a wave, bigger than the others, swept in, washing away his houses, streets and the outlying farms he had made. In terror, the child ran back to the cliff, alone and afraid. But his elder brother, on the bank above, was watching him, thinking how he had once played on the seashore. He reached down and, holding out his hand, helped his brother to safety and comforted him. They walked together toward

ther will lead us beyond the dangers of time and place to our Heavenly Father's house, where there is a door to other tasks for which life has been a preparation. Did not He say: "In My Father's

Take Heart, There is an

Open Door to Life Here

and Now, and Beyond

Death to Life Eternal

With God! No One Can

Shut It But Yourself!

The Son of man is come to seek and to save that which was lost
(Luk 19:10)

THE salvation of the world will come through Jesus Christ. This is a direct statement. It is the hope of the future. For this, God sent His only Son into the world. But even more than this—God gave us the privilege of "the Open Door." Christ is not dead. He is alive in the world to-day. The seals of the tomb are broken. The stone has been rolled away. The promise has been spoken.

Jesus said: "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth on Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live, and whosoever liveth and believeth on Me shall never die."

Easter is even more than a faith in immortality. Faith is something often dimmed by our sins. It can be buried by our daily lives. It can be crushed by disappointment and sorrow. But Easter gives us the open door to life. In giving us

Jesus, Easter gives us the living sign which world-wide faith requires. Jesus is not a creed, but a Friend. His is a personal salvation

the glowing lights of home, where waited rest and refreshment and high achievement. So at last it shall be for all of us who accept

RAISED FROM THE DEPTHS

The writer of the accompanying message, Envoy H. F. Milans, O.F., went to his Reward last year after a salvaged life of amazing usefulness. He was editor of a great New York daily newspaper until intoxicating liquor tumbled him in the gutter. Later he became an inmate in a hospital for alcoholics. Pronounced by the physicians a desperate and hopeless case, he sank lower and lower, until a Canadian girl-Salvationist compassionately stooped over his recumbent form, and with others assisted him to a Salva-

tion Army meeting. He was wonderfully converted, and by his writings and personal efforts was the means in God's hands of helping uncounted numbers of liquor and drug addicts, many of whom in turn to-day are helping to save other unfortunates. Envoy Milans was invested with the Order of the Founder, The Army's highest award to its Soldiers.

Henry Milans' story is vividly told in "Out of the Depths," by Clarence Hall, obtainable from The Army's Trade Department, 20 Albert Street, Toronto 1.

for individual personalities. And only by the salvation of individuals can the world be rescued.

the glorious salvation of Jesus Christ.

He who calls Himself our Bro-

By W. EDMUND SMITH



LIFE THROUGH DEATH

"I DIE to live!" cried the tiny seed
As it fell beneath the sod.
"The grave that I find in the womb of the earth
Is the path that leads to God.
For within is a germ that longs for the soil—
The sun and the showers free:
Above my grave on a banner shall wave
A hundred just like me."

"I die to live!" cried the mother-to-be,
When she knew that her time had come
To enter the shadows and wrestle with death

For a darling to gladden the home.
"A wife care-free in society,
I count not the higher good:

I die to all ease and my own self-life
For the glory of motherhood."

"I die to live!" is the patriot's shout
With his last expiring breath.
He falls, and the cause of Liberty
Is nurtured by his death.
The heritage we enjoy to-day—
Our banners flung far and wide—
Is the fruit that waves above the graves
Of those who for Freedom died.

"I die to live!" is the martyr's shout

From the rack and the cruel stake.

"This fire and instruments of death
Can only my shackles break.
I have caught a glimpse of a larger life

In a Country free from pain;
To be made free from mortality
To me is the higher gain."

"I die to live!" is the Christian's shout,
As he takes the way of the Cross.
"The things the world has marked as gain

I count only worthless dross.
I find that death leads to glorious life

Life abundant and full and free:
A life of service in holy love
Fruits in Immortality.

In Jesus Christ is the power of salvation—the power to free from all sin! Man has only the power of his own destruction through sin and mutual annihilation. This is a desperate state of affairs! But what wonders are accomplished through the love of Christ! He sent His disciples into all the world to preach "the Word" — the Good News — the Gospel — that glorious message which can save men from themselves and from the devil. God's power is much greater than we can ever imagine. He is altogether omnipotent.

Grace and Multiple Blessings

The only hope and salvation of the world lies in the spreading of the Spirit of Christ, our Lord. This can be done by Christian preaching, teaching and most of all by Christian example. God gives grace and multiple blessings to any of us who will ask.

So what does Easter mean? Who-soever lives and believes as did Jesus will live so eternally. The saved person will know here and now that he can conquer sin and

(Continued on page 14)

PAINTINGS

That Have BLESSED MANKIND

Stories of Famous
Works of Art



WHAT blessings have been bestowed upon the world by great and inspired paintings! Mankind would have been immeasurably poorer, but for the masterpieces of art that frequently have come out of intense earnestness of spirit and often out of the furnace of affliction. This, no doubt, is why so many of them are so precious.

Jean Francois Millet was a painter of French peasant life who captured the imagination of the world with his picture, "The Angelus," for more reproductions of this "human interest" painting are to be seen in the world's homes than any other masterpiece.

The Pressure of Poverty

No doubt like many other inspired creations the painting was the outcome of adverse circumstances for there were times in Millet's early life when he felt the pressure of dire poverty.

Millet's boyhood was passed working in his father's fields, but the sight of the engravings in an old illustrated Bible set him drawing, and thenceforth, while others slept, the daily hour of rest was spent by the young man in trying to render the familiar scenes around him.

The whole family seems, indeed,



THE ANGELUS, in which two peasant folk are shown bowed in the attitude of prayer, is a favorite picture in millions of homes

to have worn a character of austerity and dignity, and when Millet's father finally decided to test the vocation of his son as an artist, it was with a gravity of authority which recalls the patriarchal households of Calvinist France. Two drawings were prepared and placed before a painter at Cherbourg, who at once recognized the youth's gifts and accepted him as a pupil; but shortly after, in 1835, Millet's father died and the son, with heroic devotion, took his place at home, nor did he return to his beloved work until pressing calls from without were solemnly enforced with the wishes of his own family. He accordingly went back to Cherbourg.

Someone has said, "Blessed are the encouragers," and this was true in this instance, for later in life Millet was heard to say that were it not for the small group who be-



The masterpiece, PRAYING HANDS, is the work of Albrecht Durer

fluenced by the French impressionists, and, although he did not pursue their researches into the composition of color and light, he did a good deal of experimenting in subtle differences in tone.

His portrait of his mother, and that of Carlyle in Glasgow Gallery, are his two most famous pictures, although there are some hundreds of his etchings and lithographs, very delicate in treatment and tone, scattered here and there about the world.

Influenced English Art

Although general recognition was refused him in his lifetime, he exerted a great influence on English painting and on the general artistic taste of his time.

In a recent survey of pictures purchased for home adornment, Whistler's *Portrait of his Mother* was found to be a leading favorite.

THE famous Scripture studies by H. Hofmann, and which hang on the walls of Christian homes the world over, are admired by millions. Inspired art, the paintings of this great painter, who passed to his reward as late as 1911, will doubtless never decrease in their standing in the world of true art.

Hofmann's *Rich Young Ruler* is an outstanding example of his work, and his head and hands of Christ as portrayed in this picture, as well as *Christ Praying in Gethsamane* and other paintings, have never been surpassed.

The *Finding of Christ in the Temple* and *Christ Preaching on Lake Gennesareth*, the originals of which hang in European galleries, are masterpieces indeed, and have been reproduced times without number. Paintings like these should hang in all religious and educational establishments.

Speaking of hands, Albrecht Durer's notable *Praying Hands*, one of the world's masterpieces, has brought uplift and inspiration to uncounted hosts of God's people. This picture reminds one of the attitude adopted by many who petition the Father's throne, although it should be said that the attitude of the heart is much more important than that of any part of the human frame.

(Continued on page 10)



lieved in him he should have lost faith in himself. He labored with great devotion, often amid the most difficult circumstances and his pictures, including *The Angelus*, *The Gleaners*, and *Man With Hoe*, are now among the world's treasures. Few, indeed are too poor to purchase the prints of these famous masterpieces.

**JAMES ABBOTT
MCNEILL
WHISTLER** (1834-1903) was born in Lowell, Mass., of Irish origin. At twenty years of age he went to Europe to study, and settled in London. He was greatly in-

Few paintings have a more penetrating message, than Hofmann's *RICH YOUNG RULER*. The hands of Christ, shown in mute appeal, have never been surpassed by any artist



Diners at one of The Army's Working Men's Hostels enjoy a substantial meal amid bright and clean surroundings

"SERVANTS OF ALL"

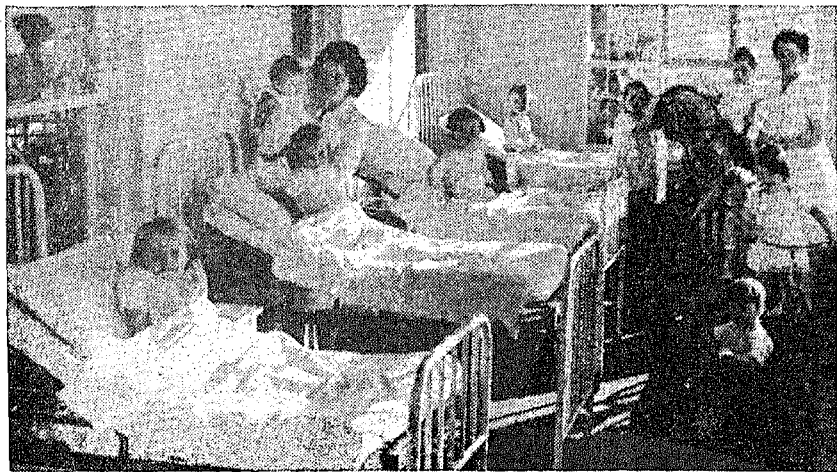
Some of the Many-sided Activities in Which Salvationists Serve Their Fellow Men and Women



Toys are repaired and distributed to delighted little folk



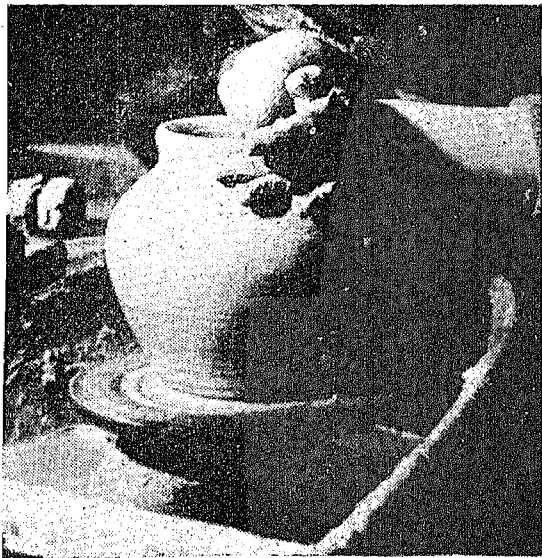
Disabled war-veterans are cheered by Salvationist-visitors



A sun-porch in the Children's section of a Newfoundland Hospital



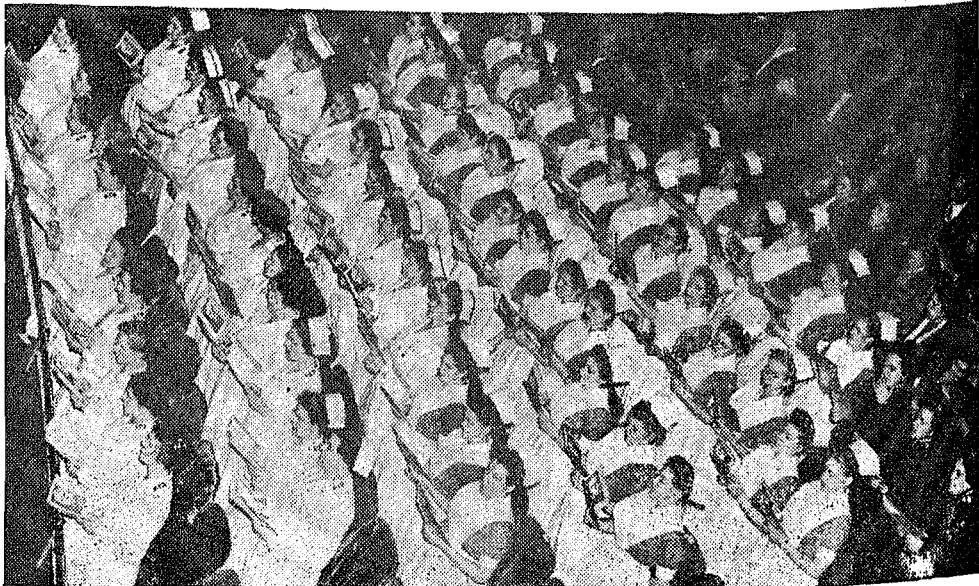
Guests at one of The Army's Sunset Lodges for the Aged enjoy a program of music and song during the visit of the Territorial Commander, Commissioner Chas. Baugh. LOWER: Nurses trained in one of The Army's Coast-to-Coast Hospitals attend in a body a special gathering



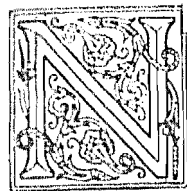
LEFT:

Broken Earthenware Remade

That is The Army's business. It believes that God's power can restore the worst, and that there is hope for all men and women, no matter how much their lives have been broken by sin



I WAS THERE!



NO matter what else men of today may think about the crucifixion of Jesus, they do not argue over the historical fact which Easter celebrates. Every calendar used in Christendom witnesses to it. Every business letter written by that calendar carries the acknowledgment of the fact that He was born a

stated number of years ago and implies, as an established fact, that He died, as a young man, at the hands of the occupying power in the turbulent little country of Palestine. Quite apart from the significance of His death, the geography laught throughout the world takes note of it, and history records His passing, by human violence from the scene of human action.

The great difference between this fact of history and all others for me is that I am, in some strange way which I cannot escape, so closely concerned with this point in the long record of events upon earth that I feel that I, as a creature of the twentieth century was in the deepest sense a participator in it.

I do not feel in this way regarding any other fact in history, striking and moving as many of them are. In fruitful Kent, the English county of my birth, is the lovely Cathedral of Canterbury, founded by St. Augustine when England first received the Christian message. In its gentle green valley, that treasure of architecture is a record in stone of some of the most stirring chapters of English history. I have been taken into those cool, shadowed cloisters, and shown the memorials to many brave men. Then I have come to the place where the blood of a famous cleric ran down upon the grey stones.

"This is the spot," my guide has said to me, "this is the spot where Thomas à Beckett, the proud and powerful prelate, was at prayer when five of the king's knights came upon him with drawn swords."

After tension had arisen between the church and the throne they had heard the king say impatiently:

"Will no one rid me of this pestilent priest?"

They had taken the petulant cry as a royal command and hurried to Canterbury with murder in their hearts. Thomas à Beckett was kneeling before the altar, wearing his priestly vestments, but the knights did not wait. They struck him, and his blood ran down upon the sacred stones.

The story touches my heart. Its drama, struggle and tragedy come vividly before me, but I do not feel that it has anything to do with me. I come away from Canterbury grateful for a history lesson, but that is all.

I go to the place, dear to many, where Mary, Queen of Scots, was beheaded. I stand, and look, and say to myself:

"The unhappy Queen!"

I think of those who loved her and those who hated her. I ponder over her restless life, with its continual storms blowing upon her until she had to die, with the axe upon her slender neck. But I do not feel that her life and death have

anything to do with me. I say, "Ah, yes! I remember the story!" And to me it is only a story.

But I go home from a meeting, late in the evening, after I have spent myself trying to win men and women for Christ, and I feel I would like to hear a little music. So I put on my recording machine a record by the International Staff Band of The Salvation Army, and I hear men's voices singing the old Negro spiritual, "Were you there when they crucified my Lord?" And I feel deeply and inescapably that the question is for me. I reply, "Yes! I was there! Indeed, I was there!"

This matter has to do with me as no other fact in history. Somehow, I was there, watching when He carried His heavy cross out to that dreadful hill. I was there as the rabble pressed around Him, mocking and railing. I was there as they nailed Him to the Cross.

"Were you there," the voices ask, "when they laid Him in the tomb?" My heart answers "Yes, I was there." This death, this cruelty, this awful suffering is my business, as is no other fact in history.

WHY do I feel like this? It is not because of an emotional reaction to an oft-told story. My emotions are moved, it is true, by every thought of Calvary, but this matter goes deeper

An Easter Meditation

than that. I am brought to Calvary by my sin, by my need of forgiveness, by my sense of guilt,

By



General A. Orsborn

International Leader of The Salvation Army

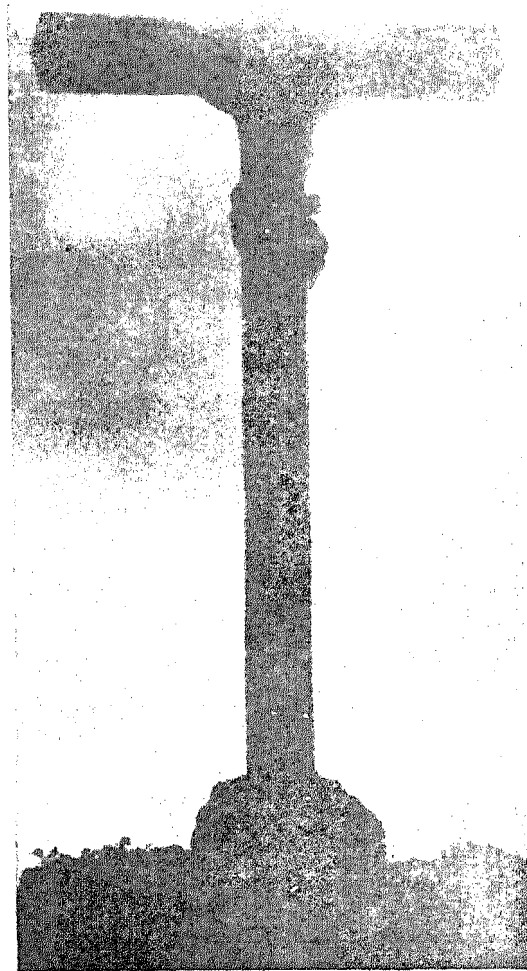
by my identity with the human race in its need of a Saviour. There is something personal, to me, about Calvary:

*In those wounds my name, I see,
For He died instead of me.*

Even when men do not kneel in humble prayer before Calvary; even when they stand hostile or indifferent, they cannot escape their share in this central scene in all history. For here God broke in upon the human race in His final revelation of Himself, and all men, because of their sinful humanity, are vitally concerned.

When Jesus came we gave Him no house to dwell in among men, but we gave Him a Cross by the side of the road, where all the world goes by to watch Him die. That dying was as unique as His rising again. Thousands of other men died on the shameful cross during the cruel Roman years. On one occasion six thousand were crucified to break the insurgent national spirit. Not one of those who died on their crosses could speak redemptively to me, or to any man. They were human creatures suffering at the hands of other human creatures. He was "Christ Jesus, whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood" (Romans 3:25). Because of that, my sins take me to Calvary.

It was there that I found that those hands which were nailed to the Cross had a lifting



power beyond anything I had known before. He who was lifted up drew men to Him. That is our Salvation. By Him we are lifted out of our sins and redeemed, so that there is "now no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus who walk not after the flesh but after the Spirit" (Romans 8:1). Yes, I was there and I am there, at the Cross of Christ my Redeemer . . .

FOR those who love Him, Easter emphasizes an abiding truth. It underlines a continuing fact, as the child's arms thrown around the mother's neck re-state the unchanging fact of the love between them.

It is essential that we cherish this underlining of truth. But I am more anxious to speak to those for whom Easter is nothing more than a passing calendar event, a mere break in the routine of life because Christendom has chosen to mark Easter with a holiday festival. Your place at the Cross is vacant. It is there, for you, but you have not come near to claim the kinship and the gift. Other things are far more real to you than Calvary—your inner conflicts, your feeling of frustration, your failure to find anything more in life than the struggle to escape its grim burdens, or to bear them stoically, without hope of understanding them. With some there is deep hunger in the soul. You cry with Francis Thompson:

*I stand amid the dust o' the wounded
years—
My mangled youth lies dead beneath
the heap.
My days have crackled and gone up in
smoke,
Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on
a stream.
Yea, faileth now even dream,
The dreamer and the lute the lutanist . . .*

If you feel like that you are near to Calvary, near to the Cross from which, amidst His agony, His hand is "outstretched caressingly" . . .

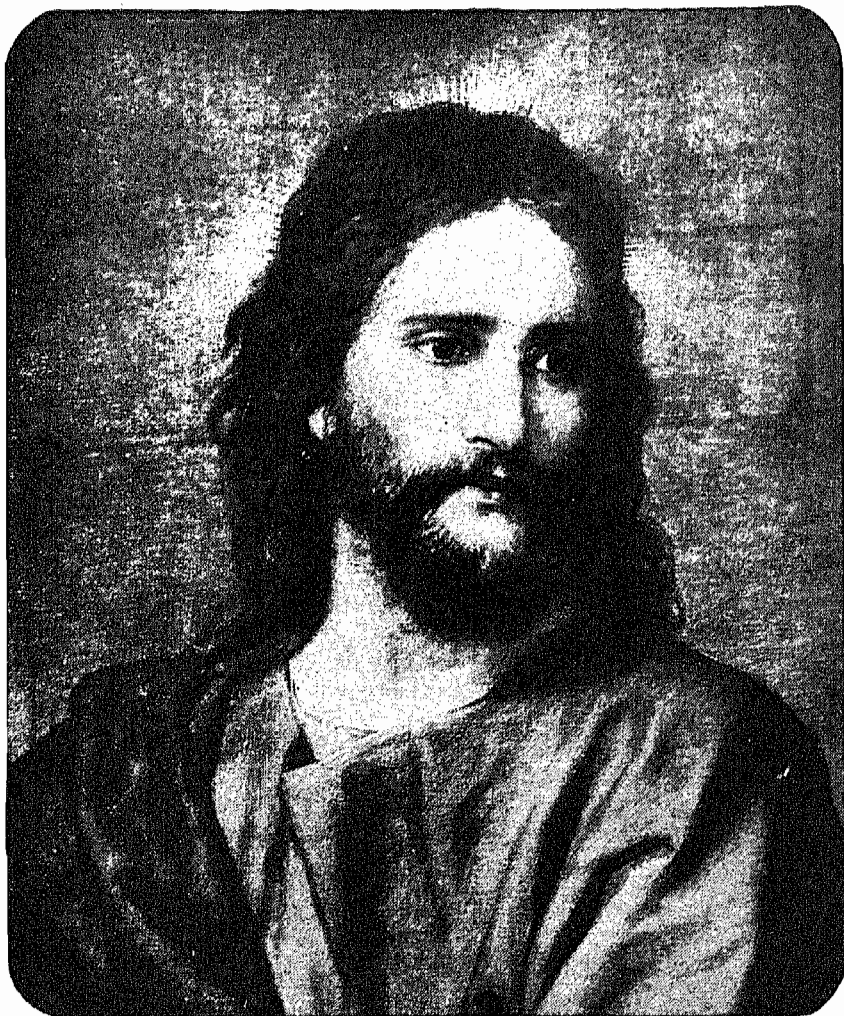
This year The Salvation Army is striving to be used by God to reach as many as possible with the news of the personal meaning of the Cross to men.

We are busy with a "Fighting Faith" Crusade, seeking to bring before men the faith of the Son of God. This faith is not merely objective. It is something which we share with Christ. First we accept Christ as our Saviour and then we live in Him "who of God is made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption."

AS I have travelled the Old and New World, during the past few months I have been deeply impressed with the urgent need for a restoration of faith amongst men—faith in each other, faith in human destiny, and above all, faith in God.

(Continued on page 12)





"YOU NEED CHRIST—CHRIST NEEDS YOU"

Painting by Hofmann

JESUS

THE MAN OF GALILEE

BISHOP PHILLIPS BROOKS many years ago wrote the following statement, which has been repeated countless times — and is worth repeating again:

Here is a Man who was born in an obscure village, the child of a peasant woman. He grew up in an obscure village. He worked in a carpenter's shop until He was thirty, and then for three years He was an itinerant teacher. He never wrote a book. He never held an office. He never owned a home. He never had a family. He never went to college. He never travelled two hundred miles from the place where He was born. He never did one of the things that usually accompany greatness. He had no credentials but Himself. He had nothing to do with this world except the power of His divine manhood.

While still a young man, the tide of popular opinion turned against Him. His friends ran away. One of them denied Him. He was turned over to His enemies. He went through the mockery of a trial. He was nailed upon a cross between two thieves. His executioners gambled for the only piece of property He had on earth while He was dying—His coat. When He was dead He was taken down and laid in a borrowed grave through the pity of a friend.

Nineteen wide centuries have come and gone. To-day He is the centrepiece of the human race and the Leader of the column of progress.

I am far within the mark when I say that all the armies that ever marched, and all the navies that ever were built, and all the parliaments that ever sat, and all the kings that ever reigned, put together, have not affected the life of man upon this earth as powerfully as has THAT ONE SOLITARY LIFE.



ASK



SEEK



KNOCK

A Three-Letter Word That
Forms a Passport Into the
Heavenly Father's Love and
Confidence



THERE is a word in the New Testament—one of Christ's forceful and significant words—that has a deep meaning for all who would make the most of this present

life and the enduring life to come.

It is a word of three letters, and like other potent words used by the Master when speaking to the comparatively small throngs that pressed about Him in old Judea, is intended for the whole world. It is the word **ASK**. "Ask," says Christ, "that ye may receive, seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you."

Now the conditions "seek" and "knock" are contained in the opening word of the text, as is the purpose of this message to show.

The Master-Speaker, it is of interest to note, never chose a long, hard-to-understand word where a short one would accomplish the same purpose. The most forceful, penetrating words in our language are usually the most powerful, and though simple, make a direct appeal to the heart. Consider the terms, "God," "save," "look," "grace," "home," "faith" and "love." The smallest things, like the atom, often are capable of stupendous possibilities; the simplest truths are the most profound; and such a tiny object as a mustard seed—especially of faith, another short word—may tear mountains asunder and divide seas.

WHEN Christ bade his listeners ask of God for their need to be supplied, other conditions were implicit in His command, and these were that they seek, and also

knock. One may ask waveringly, or without any great degree of urgency, or with a wrong motive. "For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord," warns James. Man's greatest need comes from the heart and requires proportionate earnestness. He must not only ask, but he must seek with the zeal of the woman looking for the lost coin; and with the importunity of the man knocking at the door of the house of his friend at midnight, and expecting a favorable answer.

Ask . . . Seek . . . Knock . . . Instructions simple enough for a child to understand, plain enough for the slow-witted, clear enough for the wayfaring man though a fool to grasp the meaning thereof.

The Heavenly Father delights to

hear the request made to Him by the sinner for mercy. He finds pleasure in the supplications of the humblest of His saints. The ear of the One that neither slumbers nor sleeps is ever attentive to the faintest cry. No earthly mother desires more earnestly to attend to the lightest needs of the child so near to her heart than does the Heavenly Father.

To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek.

The measure of earnestness with which a man seeks the Divine blessing is often the measure of blessing that he receives. Asking is one thing, seeking is another. To seek one must put effort into one's petition. Thousands of men trudged through the snow-covered Chilcoat Pass—the trail of '98—to seek for gold. Nothing else mattered; hardships, privations, toil were all endured for the sake of the glittering yellow metal. To find Heaven's Gold one must seek, until it is found. "Seek," says Jesus, "and ye shall find."

THE figure of a door is a familiar one in the Scriptures. It is an illustration that is easily understood by old and young, by learned and unlearned, by rich and poor. Most persons pass through a door several times a day; to knock upon a portal in Bible times was an everyday experience. By employing this com-

mon illustration Christ brought before the minds of His hearers the further urgency of His message. "Knock, and it SHALL be opened unto you."

Anyone may knock; even a child can do this. A beggar's poverty does not prevent him performing the act, and a wanderer's appearance at the door is a cause for rejoicing. Years ago, in Army meetings, a favorite song for young seekers ran: "I am coming home to Jesus, Mother, with all my load of sin."

I am knocking at the Door of Mercy,

Oh, say, will He let me in?"

Knocking on God's Door implies the expectation that it will be opened. It implies earnestness and even vigorous effort. It implies that faith in the Divine promises will be rewarded. It means an invitation to God's House, an entrance into His heart and favor; a share of His love, and best of all assurance of the forgiveness of sins through the Everlasting Covenant.

My God is reconciled,

His pardoning voice I hear;

He owns me for His child,

I can no longer fear;

With confidence I now draw nigh,

And "Father, Abba Father!"

PAINTINGS THAT HAVE BLESSED MANKIND

(Continued from page 7)

PERHAPS the best story of all is linked up with Holman Hunt whose famed picture, *The Light of the World*, has spoken its penetrating eye-gate message to a multitude of hearts.

It is related that experts were at work upon the masterpiece which occupies a place in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, when a corner of the great canvas revealed a few pencilled words concluding with the artist's signature.

The message was a simple prayer, doubtless from the great painter's heart: "MASTER, DO NOT PASS ME BY."

Famous French Painter's Home

A group of Canadian Salvationists who gave service in Europe during the last war are shown before the humble home of Millet, the French artist, whose famous picture, "The Angelus," is reproduced on page seven of this issue





THOUSAND DAYS AT HOME

SO begins a popular Chinese proverb, "A thousand days at home are all enjoyable, every moment outside is difficult." The difficulties, however, do not deter the intrepid Chinese nor the missionary from travelling.

Missionaries soon discover that almost any journey in China can become an adventure, no matter what the mode of travel be; the railway train with coaches overcrowded inside and out, the nearest window the one means of entry or exit; ice-boats propelled at an amazing speed by iron spikes, but liable to disappear through the ice, leaving the traveller up to his chin in water; Peking carts with wooden springless wheels and a covered space a yard square from which the rider will emerge much battered and bruised; boats pulled along at snail's pace by straining coolies on the river-bank; motor buses of obsolete design with passengers frequently getting out to push; wheel-barrows that do not add to one's dignity; bicycles having to be carried through weary miles of

mud and not least, on foot to places impossible to reach by any other means.

In a Crowded Freight-car

One quickly recognizes that travelling affords very close contact with the people and gives unrivalled opportunities for preaching the Word of God. After waiting three days for a train on one occasion, the writer found himself crowded in a freight-car beside a Chinese student who produced a New Testament and asked what it

CAMEOS OF LIFE IN OLD CHINA

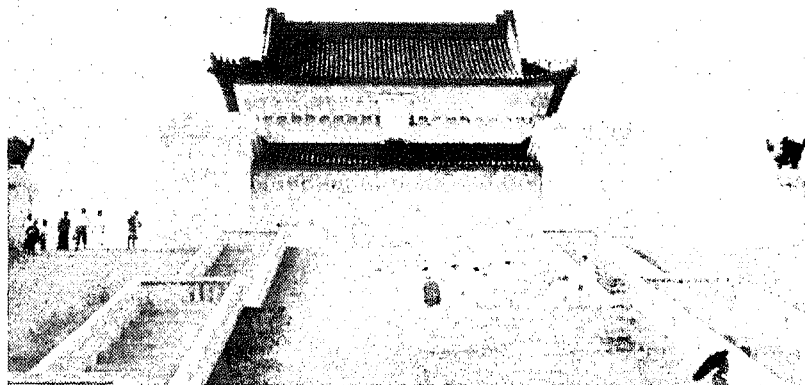
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- By -

Major Harold Littler*



A Native of Old China and his curiously-wrought incense burner



The Tomb of Sun Yat-sen, founder and first president of the Chinese Republic, which many Canadian Missionary Officers have seen in their journeys in China

*Major Harold Littler entered The Army's service from Derbyshire, England, and has served many years in China. At one time he was Editor of The War Cry published in Peking. His wife (Captain Nellie Fisher) a Canadian Officer and member of a well-known Salvationist family, was stationed at Swift Current, Sask., with the late Major Maggie Andrew. One Officer went to India and the other to China from this small centre. Major and Mrs. Littler, during the last war, spent a long period in a Japanese internment camp.

all meant. The hours spent on that journey gave ample time to tell the story.

When, after nightfall, the boatmen of our little boat had lost their bearings while crossing a lake, the boat was blown on to a mid-bank. It was decided, therefore, to stay until day-break.

The half-dozen passengers turned to The Army Officer and said, "Tell us about the Christian Gospel, we have all night to listen." So the end of a strenuous day's march found us in the courtyard of a village inn, with a crowd of villagers seated

before us, drawn out of curiosity, but staying until a late hour under the light of the stars listening to the message of Salvation.

Travelling often brings encouragement in unexpected ways. In an ancient walled town we discovered an aged Christian, too old for physical exertion, but able to stand in the market-place with Scripture texts pinned to his coat—a silent witness leading to many a conversation on spiritual things. A young converted school-teacher was found living in a secluded village, having turned his home into a meeting place and exercising a faithful ministry amongst his neighbors. A little old woman hurried after us as we passed through a small hamlet, to tell us that she also was a Christian.

A Glean From a Lantern

Endings of journeys bring satisfaction, too. When arriving at the massive gates of the city, long after they have closed for the night, there is a creak of the gate, a gleam from the guard's lantern catches the characters on one's cap-band, and a voice calls out, "Come inside, Salvation Army." It is a grateful Officer who steps through the gate and hurries along the dark narrow streets to his Quarters.

King Hezekiah's Tunnel

ONE Biblical monument in Jerusalem, which is the work of man's hand, is not only indisputably genuine, but is absolutely unchanged from the Bible days, says Mr. Norman Bentwich, in his book, "A Wanderer in the Promised Land." It is the tunnel built by King Hezekiah during the invasion of the Assyrian hordes, to carry the waters from the spring which lay outside the walls of his fortress-capital to the enclosure of the city, so that those within might have to drink, and the invaders might not cut off the very life of the defenders.

The many invasions and sieges of Jerusalem have not destroyed or impaired this ancient piece of engineering. And though in the winter months it is not possible to pass along the tunnel, during the long summer spell of rainlessness, when the waters subside, it may be penetrated—in waders. The knowledge of its course, indeed, was hidden for centuries.

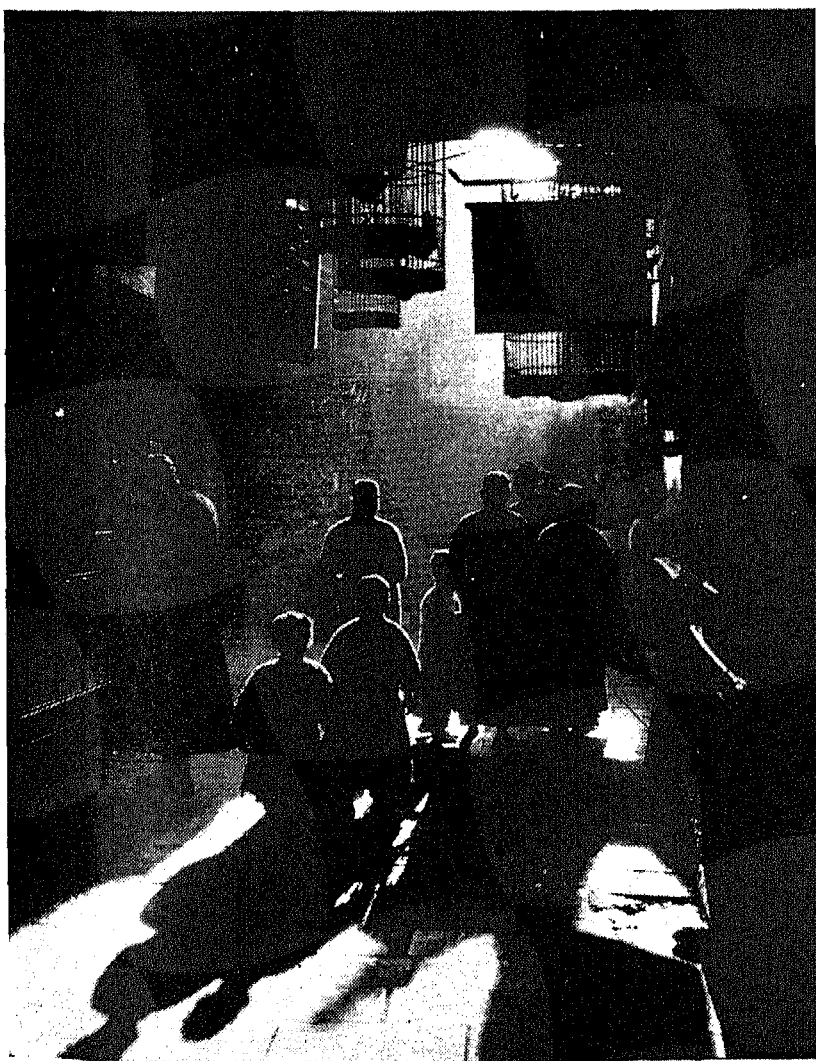
Some fifty years ago, however,

one of the pioneers of Palestine archaeology, M. Clermont-Ganneau, the French Consul in Jerusalem, after a Jewish schoolboy had passed through the channel then thought to be impassable, recovered a tablet which records its making in one of the oldest Hebrew inscriptions extant. The inscription, which was in Assyrian Script, runs thus simply:

"Behold, the boring through (is completed); and this is the theory of the boring through. While yet the excavators were lifting up the pick, each towards his fellow, and while yet there were three cubits to be bored through, there was heard the voice of one calling to another, for there was a crevice in the rock on the right hand.

"They rose up, they struck on the west of the boring, the stone-cutters struck each to meet his fellow, pick to pick, and the waters flowed from the source to the Pool for a thousand and two hundred cubits; and three quarters of a cubit was the height of the rock above the heads of the stone-cutters."

The carving was cut by a bandit out of the rock where it was found, and broken and damaged. But it reposes now in the Museum of Constantinople.



LIGHT AND SHADE.—A busy market street in a large modern Chinese city

The Meaning of Easter



EASTER is the greatest and most significant festival of the Christian Church. It comes at the time of year when Nature springs to life and plant-life revives everywhere.

But Easter does not come just to remind us that Jesus Christ died and rose again many years ago. That is a matter of history. It comes to tell us that Jesus is alive to-day; alive in love, condescension, and power; alive and willing, yes, longing, to bring to needy souls hope, pardon, and strength.

Easter, too, means gladness. It is a season of rejoicing and song. We are not as men "having no hope, and without God in the world." All our hopes are in God. The Christian is a natural optimist. He has seen in the Scriptures the triumph of

A Seasonable Message From The Chief Secretary

Jesus over the world's enemies. He has experienced in his own life the fulfilment of the promises and purposes of God. He feels within himself some of the surgings of the power capable of transforming the world.

Again, Easter means newness of life. It resembles the Spring-time; no wonder that it is a time of joy, gladness and resurgence. We welcome Easter because it comes, bringing with it new life. When we are discouraged with ourselves, our failures; when it seems that evil would triumph; the message of Easter is, "Awake, awake, put on thy strength, O Zion, put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem."

Lives of Faith and Service

Jesus said, "I am come that ye might have life." We need this new life. It will enable us to live new lives; lives of faith, and hope, and love in the service of the Easter King.

Easter is the Spring-time of the

new heart, and which calls everyone to a beginning. Let this Easter-time be the gateway to a higher and nobler life—the life that Christ came to give every man.

Easter means Victory. Jesus is not the Victim; He is the Victor. He was a Father-chosen and a self-appointed Sufferer; One Who gave His life a ransom for sinners.

The resurrection of Christ proves that the cross was not a calamity which He could not avoid. It was a sacrifice which He was willing to make—a cup which He cheerfully drained. He tasted death for every man, and that all might live victoriously in Him.

Easter, if anything at all, means immortality. It is the emblem of hope. It marks the shining way from Calvary to Glory.

Beyond this vale of tears

There is a life above

Unmeasured by the flight of years

And all that life is love.

We must not, however, misinterpret the message of the newness of life. It is not that we are just to live a new life after death. The grandest truth is that we are to live new lives *here and now*. We cannot expect to live the new life after death if the new life is not within

come to tell you that they all believe that these messages were sent direct from God—as, indeed, they are! They came to me to interpret the messages. What a privilege that was!

The Scripture verses imprinted on the bands were great favorites of the naturalists, usually promises, such as "No good thing will I withhold from them that walk uprightly," or "Have faith in God." When a Cree Indian, or Eskimo of the Hudson's Bay district brought down a banded bird having a verse of Scripture on the band, he always took it to the missionary for interpretation. The missionary, in turn, took the Bible quotation as his text for his next Sunday sermon. Every one turned out "to hear what God says this time!"

Little did Jack Miner realize at the time he put the verses on the birds, that it was going to work such wonders, not only from the

(Continued in column 4)

Colonel Arch. Layman



Mrs. Colonel Layman

Winged Missionaries

(Continued from page 4)

He was a manufacturer of drain tile, employing a number of workmen. The tiles had to be burned in a great kiln, which during the process had to be watched constantly. In this latter duty Jack Miner always chose for himself the watch-period during the latter half of the night, because, he said, "it is always so quiet then, I feel I am alone with God."

Asked how he came to put a verse of Scripture on each tag, Jack would say: "Early one morning like a star shooting across the heavens, God's radio—or God's guidance, if you wish to call it that, said to me: 'Stamp verses of Scripture on the blank side of your duck and goose bands.' From the very first time I stamped a verse on a band, I felt the help of God and knew I now had my tagging system complete." It is interesting and inspiring to learn that the very first verses he used were taken from a Salvation Army calendar given to him by an Army lass.

Jack started the very first year using the birds as "missionaries,"

but nothing was heard of his "religious geese," as the neighborhood boys called them, until early in the fall. Then one day he received a telegram from Rev. W. G. Walton, of Cochrane, Ont., at that time the most northerly railroad station. The message read: "Am on my way to your home with several bands placed on birds by you and taken off by Indians and Eskimos in the Arctic Circle." A couple of days later the sender of the telegram arrived at the Kingsville Sanctuary. What a wonderful scene it was! Jack Miner, seated in front of his fireplace, and the devout missionary digging his hands into his pockets and pulling out the bands, and giving them to the man who had sent them out in faith by his strange winged carriers.

As his visitor laid the priceless bit of metal in Miner's hand, he said: "Mr. Miner, I have brought the bands to you, because these verses from the Holy Book have caused a great revival and awakening of religious interest among our native Indians and Eskimos, I have

us before death. Our Lord said, "He that hath the Son hath life."

Do not these words of the Saviour mean that Eternal Life may begin in our hearts and lives right here on earth?

*He rose again, and He lives in my heart,
Where all is peace and perfect love.*

I WAS THERE!

(Continued from page 9)

The spirit of weariness and fear is so widespread, it would be utterly depressing were it not for our personal knowledge that faith can be restored if we will accept the gift of life in God.

Calvary invites us to seek the cure for this dread disease. Never before has the need been so great, for every increase in men's powers over Nature increases their peril if they live without God. All this widespread restlessness, this breaking of hedges and admitting of serpents, this casting off of restraints and defiance of truth has death in it. So we are seeking to rouse a sense of personal interest in the Cross of Christ.

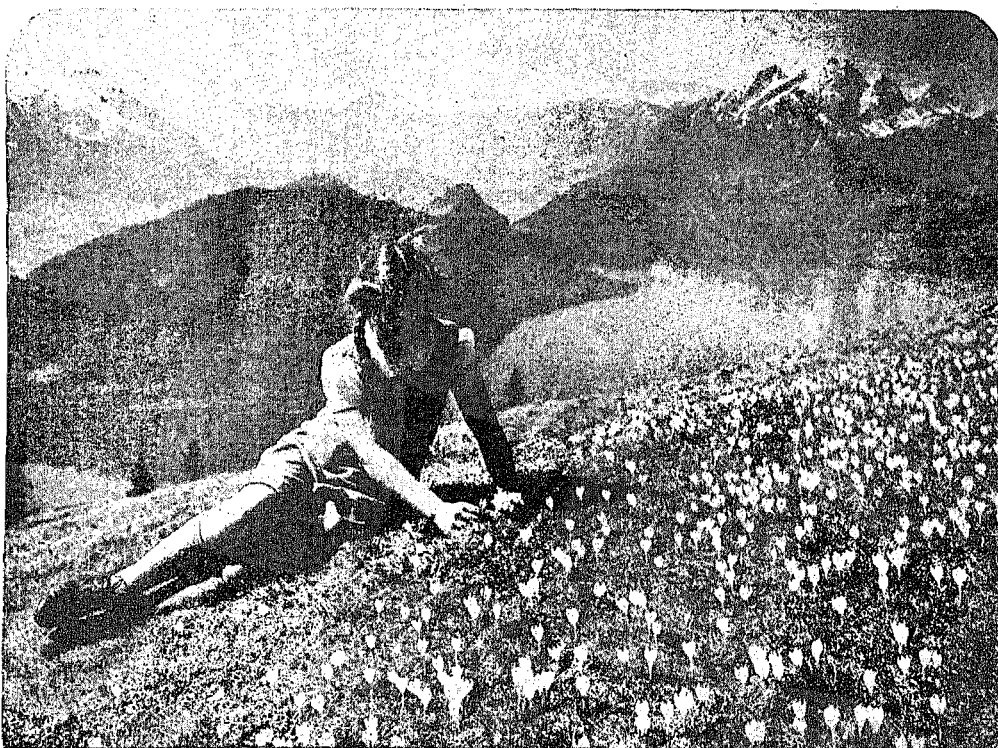
Will you come near, with your sense of guilt, your hopes or fears or bewilderment? If so, you will find here the answer you need. For your sins,—there is forgiveness, spoken by the love that was strong enough to make Calvary possible. With your sins forgiven your guilt will be rolled away, like Pilgrim's bundle tumbling off at the foot of the Cross. For your fears you will find light and hope and purpose which will invigorate all your living; in place of bewilderment you will see "the message which we have heard of Him . . . that God is light and in Him is no darkness at all" (1 John 1:5).

But it must be a personal approach. You must come yourself to Calvary.

Until we can say "I was there!" we can not know what is the meaning of the central fact in all history.

(Continued from column 3)

spiritual standpoint, but also that the missionaries would become his agents in collecting them for him in the far north, and would at the same time, in this way, produce information as to the migration routes of Canada's wild fowl, providing scientific data of inestimable value never before available.



The Flowers Appear

LO, the winter is past,
The rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth;
The time of the singing of birds is come,
And the voice of the turtle is heard in our land;
The fig tree putteth forth her green figs,
And the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell.

Song of Solomon.

A Lake Country scene in Britain, the Empire's Motherland

In a Canadian Garden

Great and Small Beauty Spots, Where
Men and Women Work "In
Partnership With God"

THIS universe is crammed with wonderful things. Among them, undeniable, and demonstrated in unmistakable manner, is the fact that God actually chooses to act in close partnership with man.

Every man who plants a seed in the brown earth, plants it in faith that God will work with him, will send the soft rain and the life-giving rays of the sun.

Or, shall I put it in another way? God, put the germ of life within the seed and gave to millions of tiny creatures the task of tunnelling the soil far below the surface of the earth, making it porous so that fertility becomes possible. Having done this, He stands by, waiting for man to come into partnership with Him. It takes God and man to bring a rose into perfect bloom.

The highly-cultivated rose is so much bigger, so much more beautiful and fragrant than the wild rose from which it has been developed. God and man have been in partnership.

A wooden tablet hanging at the entrance to a nursery garden I visited last spring, has inscribed on it Dorothy Gurney's famous lines:

"The kiss of the sun for pardon;
The song of the birds for mirth;
One is nearer God's heart in a garden
Than anywhere else on earth."

You are very near the heart of God when you're in partnership with Him, whatever the character of the work. Life will take on added beauty and meaning, if one is increasingly conscious of that partnership.

Awareness of God's Presence

It so happens that the owner of the gardens mentioned has this awareness of God. He regards his garden as a temple into which people may come and worship and meditate. And what a beautiful temple it is!

Surrounding a spacious lawn are ornamental trees, cherry, peach, crabapple and plum.

They form a background of delicate pink and white loveliness, and covering the banks in early spring is a literal carpet of daffodils. Among these one find some of the aristocrats of the daffodil family. Pure white daffodils—the Beersheba, Portgilly and Fortune, the Red Trumpet and Daisy Shaffer.

These flowers are the result of long years of culture and hybridization. It takes from six to seven years to produce a daffodil from seed and then out of as

Canadian gardens, like those around the world, are both small and large and of infinite variety. The Dominion, however, has some of the largest parks in the world, some of which, shared by the United States, are International Goodwill Parks and commemorate the notable fact that Canada and the United States have the longest undented boundary-line in the world—with never a fortress along its vast length of 3,000 or more miles. The Peace Arch at Blaine, Washington (shown below) set in a small park, is symbolical of a great and enduring friendship

many as 10,000 seeds there may be only two or three that develop into blooms worth retaining. To produce an hybrid takes years of applied knowledge and skill but it is a fascinating adventure, working in partnership with God, for it cannot be foreseen what discoveries may be made, what new forms of beauty may be evolved and given to the world. There is always the exciting possibility of developing a rare bloom.

A little later, purple abresia, yellow alysium, salmon - pink phlox, penstemon blues, whites and pinks, will tumble over the rockeries in a riot of glorious color; azaleas will burst into flame, and rhododendrons into bloom. Amongst these will be found some of the newer hybrids, rare and unusual specimens.

And the tulips! Giants, standing three feet high, in brilliant and contrasting color. The Dutch tulips, the first to be imported since the war are truly magnificent, symbols of courage expressed in flamboyant beauty. There are black tulips, with such intriguing names as "Queen of the Night"; tulips with feathered

plumes named appropriately "Blue Parrots." It would take columns to describe them all.

There is no racial discrimination in a garden, for there are flowers from all corners of the globe. There are dwarf daffodils, "Angel's Tears," and "Petticoats," from Spain; dwarf rhododendrons, cultivated 10,000 feet up the Himalayan mountains. A rose tree comes from the Himalayas, and plants from the Orient. From Asia Minor there are dwarf tulips, and for the first time a flower is being grown in Canada from seed brought from Gibraltar. It is a delicate salmon-colored flower named "Drachia."

There are other gardens where men are working in partnership with God. It may be a little plot, a young people's group which patiently sows the living seed. Surely they need as much skill and knowledge and patience as the professional horticulturist and hybridizer. The horticulturist has to attend an agricultural college, he has to study the constituents of the soil; must know how to defeat the enemies of plant life. After having learned all that he can, and after preparing the ground and planting the seed, he then has to keep constant vigil and—wait in patience for God to give the increase.

And there is this lesson: If this is essential to success in a garden of flowers how much more must it be in a garden of souls.

H - A - N - D - S

By S. RUPERT BROADFOOT, K.C., Ottawa

Inspired by Albrecht Durer's famous painting, "Praying Hands."

HANDS, Hands, Hands,
Generous thumbs,
Mean, close-held digits,
Little fingers bearing signs of
artistry,
Nervous, bitten nails,
Hands.

What kind of hands are these,
Raised to God Almighty?
My hands?
Your hands?
Hands.

I trow, these hands
Nailed Him to the Tree,
Hands like yours—
Like mine—
Hands.

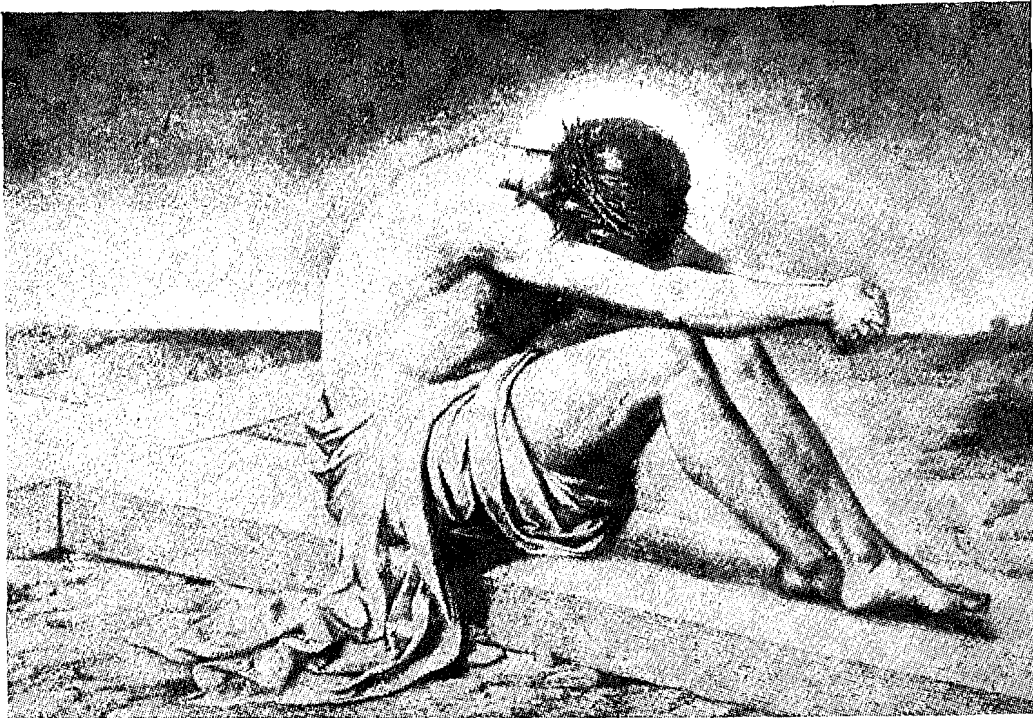
Hands raised for mercy—
Grudging-given to His little ones,

Lustful hands, aping innocence
We never knew since childhood.
Hands.

Hands of Golgotha,
Hands of Coventry,
Bloody hands,
Groping hands,
Hoping hands,
Hands.

The hands of all the ages,
Begging,
Pleading still,
Dear Christ—
Two thousand years are gone
And, still, we lift
Our puny hands in prayer.
These trembling hands,
The red, unhappy hands,
Of all this seeking world—
To Thee . . . our hands.





THE MAN OF SORROWS . . . ACQUAINTED WITH GRIEF

SEVERAL years ago Mr. Edwin Markham and I visited The Salvation Army Bowery Corps in Detroit, Michigan, where Mr. Markham read some of his poems. He was very deeply touched by his visit to people who do so much for the "underprivileged," as Mr. Markham termed the needy in body and soul.

When we got home I said to him, "I want a copy of the poems you read this evening, for I have a feeling that you tried to select those which fit into the spirit of The Army's attitude toward humanity. Did you not?"

"I did, William," he answered. "You are right about that. I never go to give readings of my poems that I do not try to select those which seem to me to express the spirit of the group which I am addressing. Take the lines—"

Then he quoted these immortal lines which he had read that evening:

*Shine on me, Secret Splendor, till I feel
That all are one upon the mighty wheel.
Let me be brother to the meanest clod,
Knowing he, too, bears on the dream of God;
Yet be fastidious and have such friends
That when I think of them my soul ascends!*

We sat in front of my wood fire as we talked and read his poetry. "Take the first four lines of that poem," he commented; "and you have the spirit of The Salvation Army as General William Booth and I used to visualize it."

"Once I read that to General Booth and he said to me, reverently, 'Nobody else has put the spirit of The Army in four lines as accurately and understandingly as you have in these four lines, Mr. Markham.'"

"There is one other little poem of mine that I consider expresses The Salvation Army spirit, though."

Then he read to me another of his tender, sympathetic, understanding poems. This one is entitled, "Bring Me Your Tears."

*I do not ask your very all,
I only ask a part,
Bring me, when dancers leave the hall
Your aching heart.
Give other friends your lighted face,
The laughter of the years;
I come to crave a greater grace:
Bring me your tears.*

"Almost every man in that audience to-night had an aching heart," continued Mr. Markham. "I could see that when I stood up in front of them, and my heart bled for

them. I wanted to take every single one of those men into my arms and hold them close to comfort them. These days of depression have brought too many wounds to too many hearts. I noticed that when I read the poem many of them wept. That's why I say that this poem expresses the very essence of the spirit of The Army. General Booth's great plea day and night, and hour by hour, in every city of every land

free.' That's what we saw in that meeting to-night. It almost made me cry to look at them. I not only thought of that poem which is engraved on the Statue of Liberty near my Staten Island home, but I also thought of my own poem: 'Bring Me Your Tears.' That is the spirit of The Salvation Army and that was the spirit of my comrade, General William Booth. One day, Vachel Lindsay and I were talking

By WILLIAM L. STIDGER

on this earth, is 'Bring me your tears.'"

Mr. Markham shifted his position, got up from his big chair, and paced up and down in front of the fire as the light gleamed on his beautiful white hair and beard. "William," he said, "do you know the lines written about The Statue of Liberty by Emma Lazarus?"

I replied that I did not remember them, and then he said:

"They have the same spirit in them as my 'Bring Me Your Tears' only these lines picture this great, democratic nation speaking to all outcasts of the earth as they turn hungry, eager eyes toward our shores."

*Not like the brazen giant of Greek fame,
With conquering limbs astride from land to land,
Here at our sea-washed sunset gates shall stand
A mighty woman with a torch, whose flame
Is the imprisoned lightning, and her name
Mother of exiles. From her beacon hand
Glows world-wide welcome; her mild eyes command
The air-bridge harbor that twin cities frame
"Keep, ancient lands, your storied pomp!" cried she
With silent lips. "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, the tempest-tossed, to me.
I lift my lamp beside the golden door!"*

That old poet's eyes were shining with tenderness when he quoted the last lines of that poem, shining in the light of that wood fire. Then he added, "That, too, is the spirit of The Army. It speaks with this nation's spirit and voice: 'Give me your tired, your poor, your huddled masses yearning to breathe

about General William Booth; Vachel said he was going to write a poem about General Booth—and he did. The poem was entitled, 'General William Booth Enters Into Heaven' and it is one of the greatest poems, to my way of thinking, that has been written in America."

The poet who wrote "The Man With the Hoe," for a quarter of a century spent at least a month of every year in my home, and, invariably, before that month's visit was over he would insist upon my taking him to The Salvation Army where, as he put it, "I can mingle with my comrades, the type of people with whom Jesus associated along the shores of Galilee, and whom He loved." Several times he insisted upon staying all night in Army rooms for homeless men, so that he might keep in touch with his unfortunate brothers of the streets. He always came back from those trips with deeper tenderness in his heart and would talk for days of his experiences and conversations with the friends of what he always called "The Comrade Kingdom."

Understanding, Love and Sympathy

In recent times, now that our Johnnies have come marching home by the hundreds of thousands, how that phrase Mr. Markham used to use from that immortal poem, fits in with the attitude of The Army. "Bring Me Your Tears." This kind of help is what the former serviceman needs more than anything else: understanding, love and sympathy. He needs to have individuals, organizations, the Church and his friends say to him, "Bring me your tears, your anxieties, your uncertainties, your loneliness, your bewilderment."

One of my students was getting off a train in the Cleveland terminal recently and saw a blind soldier carrying two bags. The student walked up to him and asked if he might carry the bags but that soldier rather abruptly said: "No!" Then the student asked if he might

B RING ME YOUR TEARS

Let Us Be Mindful of Those
Nearby; Ready to Touch the
Shoulder of Our Needy
Neighbor in Body,
Mind and Soul

guide the boy up the stairs and was told "Yes." At the top of the stairs the blind boy hesitated and the student said to him: "Now where do you want to go?"

"To the information desk," replied the boy.

"May I show you the way?"

"You may, but I'll carry my own bags," he said warningly.

Then my student made the mistake of taking hold of the blind soldier's arm in a firm, possessive gesture.

The boy jerked his arm away and said, "Just a minute, Buddy. Don't take possession of me. Don't push me! All I want is the touch of your hand on my shoulder. That's all any handicapped soldier wants. Just the touch of somebody's hand on his shoulder."

Mindful of Those Nearby

Let us all walk courageously, in the days ahead, mindful of those nearby—helpful, sympathetic, understanding—not pushing with too much sentimentalism, but ever "touching the shoulder" of the needy in body, mind and soul.

Victory Through Love

(Continued from page 6)

death through Jesus Christ. Blessed be our Master!

Easter means a faith great enough for life now—a faith in God, in self and in the possibility of human life when God is in the soul.

Easter means a faith greater than life—a faith that led Thomas Edison to say: "It is beautiful over there." It is so great a faith in the world to be—which is the salvation of the world—that we can begin to build that world while we yet live this present life.

Easter makes life victorious and triumphant. Without Easter—the Resurrected Christ—all is doom, and both life and love are empty.

God, the Father of us all, promised Easter to the world because He loves His children. Christ's coming to earth is the greatest sacrifice that God is capable of making. Easter is His greatest triumph! And best of all, Easter does not wholly belong to the historic past. It is newsmaking to-day! It is, indeed, the only hope for any of us.

"Behold, I have set before thee an open door and no man can shut it"; "If ye then be risen with Christ, seek those things which are above."

"The lowing herd winds slowly o'er . . ."



A Farm Lane in Rural Canada



WAR CRY
Easter Number

The
First
Easter
Morning